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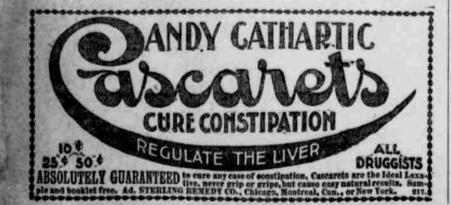
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Ward's Words.

In its entirety and fullness this suburban villa has not been brought to the surface in a long time. You get little crumbs of news and scattering ideas of individuals, but no solid lump of satisfactory intelligence.

First then we have a change in village government. The village president and board of trustees being free silver men we have a solid board of silverites who propose that none but such need apply for position or commission. And such a board, composed of men who know absolutely nothing about the needs and necessities of a village or how to do work that is laid out and pointed out to them. It is said that at meetings of these sage men no order is observed, but all gabble at once when discussing a point, paying no attention to parliamentary rules of which they seem to be entirely ignorant. However, they are not to blame. They were elected without their consent and serve under protest. The result is that our streets are in a terrible conditionthough there must be money on hand-and no effort to put them in even passable order, In short, the whole bueiness from start to finish is as ill shaped as the transactions are

in, when published for people to wonder at. Our proximity to the legislature has made spring backward, and farmers-who are the bed rock of finance-are complaining some, but wheat and grass are doing nicely. Speaking of our legislature we do it with bated breath, for such a startling body of week, and from there went to Owoss ncompetency perhaps never met in the halls of our capitol and the outcome of their energies has resulted in nothing of any serious importance. It would have been as at the Baptist church here and will go to well had they never convened to meddle with our statutes. They came very close to doing some good work but always dropped the subject on the table or sent it back to a committee to die before it was born. The capital punishment bill only lacked one of passing the senate, but it died for lack of that one vote. It may have been noticed that our worthy senator's name is recorded against it, and there has been three deliberate murders committed in our state since the legislature adjourned; and yet hanging is no deterrent. Clothing and feeding such miscreants for life is better, where they can follow out their devilish predilection on their keepers and other associates.

Our Hotel Lebar has been re-painted and papered, besides being remodeled within and supplied with additional furniture by the owner, Mr. Lebar, who has leased it again for a term of years to its present proprietor, the gentlemanly Mr. Feek, who together with his excellent wife "know how to keep hotel." Traveling men agree that in its accommodations, sample room and all there is none better. Mr. Lebar has a store opposite the botel which is running over with goods and flocked with customers.

The Laingsburg flouring mill, owned by Lawler & Platt, is kept running at its full capacity all the time and turns out a quality of flour second to none. In addition to the mill Mr. Lawler-Jim we call him-has three farms to look after; and by the way, Jim is a character. Born a poor boy-don't even know who his parents are-he was brought into this new section by Mr. Woodhull, who looked after him till be could grub for himself, which he has done so successfully that today he is well heeled, although he has lost enough money in one way and another to make one man pretty comfortable. Still, Jim is not proud and no one would suspect by the clothes he wears that he was so important a factor in this community as he is.

It may seem strange but it is a fact that all three of our churches have been struck by lightning and had their spires knocked into kindling wood, with the exception of the Congregational spire, which was but slightly damaged. Some people might suggest that we had an over supply and that some of them ought to be knocked out, but you can't cram that idea down any really good church man. He'll tell you that Providence had nothing to do in putting them up or knocking them down, but that it was the work of human hands in the first case and of the elements in the other. This idea of laying all our calamities at the door of Deity is outrageously absurd.

And now some scientist has discovered that mosquitoes are a benefit in that they being bred in damp and noisome places subsist on and eat up the germs of disease which otherwise would poison humanity. Bless his poor ignorant soul, don't everybody know that they breed often right in the grass around our doors and swarm into the house to suck the warmest blood they can find in the family. Everybody knows this, and as for the disease germs in swamps we can live and inhale them if we can endure the poison from the occasional "stinkerette," as old man Weatherwax calls the

Simpson & Son, undertakers, are a close second to four doctors that there are in our otherwise healthy community. They also handle as good a stock of furniture and fixtures as can be found in any town of this size and at as reasonable rates.

In hardware Jo Wyckoff takes the cake: keeps a tinner and one of the most affable and pleasant clerks-Frank Whitneythat any one need ask for. No matter what happens, rain or shine, Frank is always the same pleasant, cheerful and unruffled gentleman every day in the week.

clothing and are "in it," so to speak, when luckily not injuring anyone.

you come to trade. No finer gentlemen tumble to the traffic than they.

Finally, there are no jingoists in town and people are inclined to think congress is making an ass of itself, or trying to, in following the fire eating Morgan's lead in the Cuban affair. We certainly don't want possession of that pestiferous island if we could have it given to us, and the idea that ex-Secretary Fester entertains that a war with Spain would do a good thing in giving vent to an objectionable element in our population, is a mistake. The class he wants to go down there to "sweep the Spaniards from the face of the Island" are just exactly the ones who wouldn't go, but the army would be composed of our best blood and that would go down there, not to fight, but to rot in fever stricken hospitals. Our soldiers could no more withstand the climate there than they could fly there, and any man of ordinary brains ought to know it.

P. S.-It was a pleasure to meet Josephus Woodhull on our streets the other day. He is one of the oldest settlers in this vicinity, coming here in 1836 when he was 21 years old. He holds his years well and his memory of men and things is fresh and sharp as ever. His home is near Shaftsburg.

Byron.

R. M. Tubbs, of Lansing, was in Byron, Friday-Rev. and Mrs. Benson attended the Sunday school institute at Vernon last Miss Carrie Walworth is in Highland, called there by the sickness of her sister-Rev. F. Dewey Eihle has closed his labors Toronto, Canada, to attend school-Ed Wrigglesworth and wife, of Detroit, visited his mother last week-E. C. Tuckey's father, J. S. Tuckey, of Paw Paw, visited in Byron last week-Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Knapp, of South Lyons, were guests at Dr. Ruggles', last week --- Bert Robrabacher is in Howell this week in the interest of the McCormick company-Mrs. Shepherd landlady at the hotel, has been at St. Louis several days, on account of the sickness of her mother-Jo. Shaffer is building a house on his lot, in Durand-Rev. E. H. Shanks, of Flushing, gave an address Sunday evening at the Baptist church on the Young Peoples' Baptist Union-J. P. Southard and family have gone to Harbor Springs, and may remain there-Register Royce, of Corunna, was in town three days this week, shaking hands and giving each a pleasant work-D. R. Benton is confined to the bed by sickness-Frank Gates, of Howell, is a guest of C. Fritz-Mrs. Camp, of Eaton Rapids, is visiting at E. B. Welch's .-- A. L. Cutting, of Ann Arbor, was in town Wednesday, as a guest of L. F. Lutz-J. Clark and wife, of Chesaning, have been visiting friends in this vicinity-The Misses Sweet and Stewart, of Howell, were at Mrs. C. Buell's, Sunday --- Quite a number of Byron people at-

tended the races at Bancroft, Wednesday.

Rev. D. S. Cramer preaches at Carland ed away to attend a quarterly meeting-Children's day exercises at the church one week from next Sunday-Henry Mitchell is giving his house a coat of paint-Aunt Mary Scott's eyes are gradually growing worse, though she still goes around to see her neighbors-A serious and what might have been fatal accident happened to the eight year old son of Wm. [Scott Jr. last Saturday. His father was about starting from home with his engine to saw wood for Jonas Cook when little Jay tried to jump on for a short ride, but missed his holl and one wheel of the "dummy" passed across his left shoulder. Dr. Campbell, of Ovid, was called as soon as possible who dressed his shoulder and pronounced it one of the most marvelous escapes from death, but says he will soon be around again.

Burton.

Rev. Dr. Dawe, presiding elder of the Saginaw district, preached here Sunday in the M. E. church to a very appreciative audience-Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Wilson, of Owosso, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Green-Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Vincent were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. L. R. Lumby at Henderson, Sunday-Mrs. A. E. Cadz spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Chas. Stanlake --- Mr. and Mrs. U. P. Ferguson and son D. Earl, of Elsie, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Williams Mr. and Mrs. E. Merrell and Mr. and Mrs. A. Simpson spent Sunday with relatives in St. Johns --- A. R. Cummings and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Fer-

guson at Ovid one day last week-The Misses Florence Upham and Nina Daniels, of Owosso, were the guests of Mrs. Chauney Walker, Saturday.

Henderson.

Mrs. Wm. Johnson is slowly improving -Mrs. Florence Chalker is very sick with inflammation of the lungs-Miss Ida Randall, formerly of this place, was brought here from her home for burial last Tuesday -The drug store has again changed hands,

L. R. Lumby selling out to his clerk-A school picule was held at the Goss grove Saturday last, eight schools taking part. The Henderson school all went in one load and made a very good showing with their flags and handsomely decorated wagon-Brown Bros., of Perry, have put in an Leu Hook's horse ran away last Monday, elegant stock of boots, shoes, hats, caps and demolishing his buggy quite badly, but Memorial Services.

Memorial services in memory of the late Geo. M. Dewey were held in the Congregational church, Sunday afternoon, and attended by a large gathering of Odd Fellows, Rebekahs and Patriarchs Militant and citizens of this city and Corunna. In front of the platform was placed a large portrait of Mr. Dewey. A choir of ten voices sang appropriate hymns and the pastor, Rev. J. C.

Cromer, offered prayer and read selected passages of scripture, after which Rev. Geo. H. Wilson, of Paxton, Ill., formerly pastor of the church in this city, and who knew the deceased as few men knew him, delivered a thoughtful and earnest memorial address, which follows in full:

Man's deepest interest is in life. To know its meaning, to master its myster-

know its meaning, to master its mysteries, to solve the intricate questions about it is all that we mean when we ask Whence? Whither? Why? How? Victor Hugo refers to small towns as hot-beds of gossip. There is a reason for this. Small towns exhibit less variety, less intensity, less of what may be termed an aggregate of life in expression.

Large towns have so much of all this that time is occupied, mind attention held, curiosity rushed hither and you and that we term gossip given a far smaller place in the life of people. Traced to its minutest and most vulgar

Traced to its minutest and most vulgar expression, gossip is only a perversion of man's instinctive desire to know life. This same fact explains the element of curiosity that so strangely mingles in those hours of sorrow and bereavement when death takes to the timeless world those whom we know or know of. It would be far from fitting to this occasion that we stop to show this strange mixture of the curious with the sympathetic in the midst of human anguish caused by human loss.

It assumes all forms. The mind trained to observe those native expressions of man, that show through custom and rise above form could never fail to note both the eager and the grotesque in the both the eager and the grotesque in the stands about the pall or listens to words those whom we know or know of. It would be far from fitting to this occa-sion that we stop to show this strange mixture of the curious with the sympa-thetic in the midst of human anguish

rise above form could never fail to note both the eager and the grotesque in the unuttered language of curiosity as it stands about the pall or listens to words evoked by the sorrow which death brings. I have not in mind a coarse gossip nor a crass curiosity. I have only in mind the fact that beneath all the world thus referred to rests, in all the world thus indicated, pulsates a desire to know about life, and that gossip and the forms assumed by our curiosity in the presence of death, and services in the presence of death, and services over or about the dead, rest in the desire to know life.

At the bottom this it is which creates and maintains a place for such services as we hold at this time. They are held not for the dead, but for the living. Yet I cannot agree with any assertion that they cannot affect the dead. I recall that Gen. Garfield once asserted that the dead do not need us, but that we need them. I believe they need us. I believe it true of every past generation that they without us cannot be perfect. We are told by Paul in his epistles to the Ephesians, one of the mightiest pamphlets ever written, that unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places is made known through the church the manifold wisdom of God.

The tatt that very mater which occupies our time in life belongs simply to the accidents, is merely incidental. We may mistake it for the permanent, for the substance. I cannot believe that the world beyond has any interest, and so far as that which we call "the work of the Order," embodies and expresses these—there may be an interest.

I cannot believe the world beyond has any special interest in party names or party policies, but so far as these names seek to embrace, embosom, express some eternal truth there may be an interest even in these.

The old Persian belief that the dead living friends wept for them, is a picand which they approved, adds to the weights which may entangle their spirits. That we may move God's pity for them by our prayers, that we may give symbols; the element of curiosity as to them by our prayers, that we may give them of our merit to stand to their account, is the low, childish view of a gross age that erects purgatories to fat-ten a priesthood, while it asserts a trans-

Because that we term sympathy, life in life, is not of the lower order of nature, but of the higher order of the soul, death doth not destroy it. Even as Christ from the heights of his risen life sees of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied, so from their high places our sanctified dead shall see or not that they lived for, that they longed for they lived for, that they longed for, that they loved as we through whom they expected this realization are loyal to what they purposed for us.

They whom we call "our loved ones" who are beyond, need us in all the high devotement of life to what we know to be their loftiest and best. I believe it to be worthy the effort of this hour te fix this thought in mind. I believe it to be worthy of your consideration when these feeble words shall return to you on the printed page.

on the printed page.

I sat one afternoon this week in the presence of a chastened soul, a sweet sorrowful life, into which the agony of repeated loss by death had sent all its bitterness and darkness. That mother told me of the prayers of life when other life thrilled in her own, and when her children wars in the her and its life. her children were in the home, not for herself, but for them she lived, she loved, she prayed.

They have gone out, and so the mo-tive of life has been smitten. But had she gone out, could her sympathy have died by a change of location? Not unless from her was taken, not unless in her was destroyed the deepest and divinest of her personality and her motherhood. Here we front the mem-



ory of a father gone out and a family left. Has that severed interest? Has that blighted sympathy? Then who-ever it be, whatever it be, wherever it be, that which these children have not laid away in the grave is not alive but dead. If death doth not end all these who were his, are his yet: these in whom

church congregation, whither he came

for years a worshipper of God.

No man can speak of these relations in terms of quantity, but in terms of quality; it is in these relations that we see men's lives because into them men have put their lives. When taken out from these relations our dead must yet retain their interest in that for which these relations stand. these relations stand.

these relations stand.

It is true that very much which ab sorbs our attention, which occupies our time in life belongs simply to the accidents, is merely incidental. We may mistake it for the permanent, for the substance. I cannot believe that the world beyond has any interest in the ritual of the Order of Odd Fellows, but in those fundamental principles of friendship, love truth, it must have interest, and so far as that which we call "the work of the Order," embodies and expresses these—there may be

terest even in these.

But we see men in these varied relaturned restlessly in their coffins when tions, and we understand them as we see them in these relations as these in ture of hope we may recall. If our dead go out into life, they can neither lose the thought of us nor an interest in us. We are theirs as well as they ours. To my mind the failure on our part to reach the ideals they knew us to have, have memorial hours, we want to see

what one will say and how about a de-parted, even in the minds of those closest, rests in this craving desire to see and grasp, not as a term of quantity, but of quality, that word life. But all this means, that we think of under the term "sympathism" belongs

fer of merit such as outrages reason and conscience and insults God.

But that the passage from the world of time to the eternal world alters the nature of spirit, we cannot believe. That it destroys individual identity cannot be believed by one who believes that Jesus Christ discovered the individual and revealed his immortality.

That the laying aside of the body of flesh and entering the world of spirits to lose interest in us who remain, marks to lose interest in us who remain in this, if the soul be immortal. Because to both worlds, else has no meaning in this, if the soul be immortal. Because the both worlds, else has no meaning in this, if the soul be immortal. Because the both worlds, else has no meaning in this, if the soul be immortal. Because the both worlds, else has no meaning in the both worlds, else has no meaning in this, if the soul be immortal. Because the both worlds, else has no meaning in the both worlds, else has no meaning in the both worlds,

But in the broad sense which makes religion to be the outreaching of man for

Dewey, whether I see him or not, each of you must decide for himself. As I see him so I shall show him.

(Continued on page 2.) Awarded

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